

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERB OF SOLOMON.

No. 38.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1823.

VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

WILSON MERTON.

It was a sultry evening, towards the close of August, that Eliza Berkley with her bonnet in her hand, went to seek among the wild sequestered shades of her native place, some spot (if any such there were) visited by the cooling breeze. In spite of the hints of walking unbonneted, and many sage admonitions about catching cold, it was a luxury in which she often indulged; and had there been any thing to admire her, but the trees and hills, vanity would have whispered her to persevere, for it had been a pity to have shaded so beautiful a head, adorned as it was with hair of the richest brown. But alas, Eliza was almost a solitary, and her air and dress partook of all the negligence, (consistent with feminine neatness,) which the absence of that great stimulus—society, usually creates. If such a thing as an unconscious beauty, ever existed, Eliza Berkley might be said to be that being. But she owed that rare and greatest charm of loveliness, in all probability, to the utter absence of all the flatterers and flatterers of the world, from the peaceful and somewhat sombre home of her widowed father, to which few were admitted, except two or three friends, who had grown old with him, and who preserved the bonds of amity, from habit rather than feeling.

But the period was rapidly approaching, when Eliza was to learn the power of her charms. By one of those coincidences which sometimes occur in life; to the self-same spot where she had chosen her seat, at the self-same hour, came, as led by some invisible hand, young Wilson Merton, the son of a London trader of considerable property. Young Merton had enjoyed all the advantages that fortune could bestow, and having naturally a fine person, and an expressive face, no one from his appearance, would have imagined him to have had plebeian blood in his veins, so well he wore the trappings with which fortune, not foppery, had adorned him. Eliza did not start, like Miranda, in the Tempest, at beholding the stranger, but the unexpectedness of the event, together with her strangeness to society, covered her with a transient confusion, that heightened her beauty. And here we might almost venture to assert, was love at first sight. Merton certainly thought her the loveliest girl he had ever seen, and she who had never seen any thing of the world, thought him the personification of all the heroes she had ever read of put together.

It was a rich glowing sunset, and there was a calm and stillness in the air, such as usually precedes a storm, of this they were soon sensible, by a few large drops that suddenly fell, and now first called their attention to the appearance of the heavens. "We shall have a tempest," cried Merton, looking up, "have you far to go?" "Yes, some considerable distance," she replied, tying on her bonnet, "and I think I have no time to

lose; good evening, Sir." "Oh! you must suffer me to see you safe, good God! you will be wet to the skin." For the rain now came on fast, and drawing her arm through his, they hurried on. Sad was the plight in which they reached Berkley Hall, and glad was Wilson Merton to accept its proffered hospitality, and the home of Eliza sheltered him that night.

The next morning at breakfast, he mentioned the circumstance that brought him to Monmouthshire, things of small import, any otherwise than they discovered to Mr. Berkley that he and his connexions were in trade, a discovery which immediately abridged the pleasure he was at first inclined to feel in the society of his new acquaintance, and whom he in consequence suffered to depart, without expressing a wish to see him again. But the kindness of Eliza atoned for all her father's coldness, and as yet a stranger to the rooted prejudices and hereditary pride of his soul, he only waited to see more of the daughter, before he applied in form for leave to pay his addresses to her. Eliza now deeply felt for the first time, this great foible of her father's character, and endeavouring to make up for it, and screen it from the observation of Merton, she had thrown more than usual sweetness in her manner, and more than usual vivacity into her conversation, so that on his taking leave, she experienced the depression of spirits consequent to over-excitement and exertion; and when her aunt, an old maiden lady, came down to dinner, indisposition having confined her to her room for some days, she did not fail to notice it. Eliza was of too gentle a nature to repulse the fondness of a being, who, though in her dotage, was actuated by the purest tenderness for her: but she was not sorry to escape from it by accepting an invitation to the house of Mrs. Merrick, a youthful friend, resident about five miles off. With this lady she was occasionally in the habit of spending a day or two; on this occasion, however, she positively declared her intention of not sleeping from home, a resolution very probably arising from an expectation of a visit from Mr. Merton in the morning.

Engaged in the deepest reverie, she was unconscious of every thing till the carriage stopped at Mr. Merrick's, when ordering it to return for her at ten, she hastened to the parlour, at the window of which stood her friend, smiling her welcome. "My dear Eliza," cried she, "I am always glad to see you, but especially now; we have some friends from London, and I am so anxious to see you married, that I insist on your making hay while the sun shines, and running away with some one of them." Eliza laughed, and Mrs. Merrick continued: "you know you might stay at Humdrum Hall till doomsday, no body would find you out there. But come up stairs, that I may have the ceremony of introduction over before dinner." Eliza followed, and was presented to two young ladies, and their mamma, and two gentlemen, one apparently about nineteen, the other turned of forty; there was a sombre character ran through the party, which, had Eliza been in her usual flow of spirits, she would have dissipated; but she was now rather inclined to take her tone from the

company, than to give a tone to it. Mrs. Merrick was disappointed when some time had elapsed without a sally from the lively Berkley, as she was accustomed to call her. She drew her chair towards her, and asked if she was unwell, and receiving a reply in the negative, she turned to the window. "Here they come at last," she suddenly exclaimed. "Who?" cried the elder lady at the upper end of the room. "Mr. Merrick and your nephew, Mr. Wilson Merton." That name shot a feeling, it might be called a pang, through the heart of Eliza, as keen as if it had been actually penetrated by a sword. She instantly looked at the party as she mentally cried; "these are his relations," and at the same moment regretted that she had not endeavoured to recommend herself to them: so much safer is it to err on the side of courtesy than otherwise. With a quickness of ear which she never knew herself to possess, she distinguished his step on the stairs, and when the door was thrown open, and Merton entered, she found herself unable to rise from her seat. He instantly recognised her, for she was seated nearly opposite the door; but with more command over the external marks of feelings than herself, he checked the surprise and delight which took possession of his soul, and immediately advanced to address her; his composure assisted to restore her own, till Mrs. Merrick again threw her into confusion, by asking an explanation, for she declared it to be an utter mystery to her, how they became acquainted. It was jumbled through as those things generally are, with a few bungling reasons for her not being told of it, and after some jokes and laughing on the subject, it dropped.

It will readily be believed that when the carriage came at ten, it was dismissed, with a line from Eliza to her father, requesting his permission for her spending a few days with Mrs. Merrick, she felt she ought to mention that Mr. Merton was under the same roof, but the fear that it would actuate her instant recall checked her pen; in this she flattered herself, if she was committing a fault, it was a negative one. "He returns to London in four or five days," she silently thought, "and I may never see him again: am I cherishing an improper feeling in detesting the pride which can despise such a being as Wilson Merton?" this colloquy ended very much to her satisfaction, as is generally the case when we propose the questions, and answer them ourselves.

Time flew on bright and rapid wings for the young lovers, and Mrs. Merrick, whose ready penetration soon discovered the state of the case, used every exertion to promote their pleasure, till won by her kindness, they mutually made her their confidant. It was therefore settled, that the morning after Eliza's return, young Wilson should write to Mr. Berkley on the subject, and this arrangement brought satisfaction to all but her who best knew the man to be addressed, still she suffered herself to hope, but it was a hope flickered like the light of a dying lamp, on the morning that she returned home. The next was to decide her fate, and no culprit ever waited his doom with more feverish anxiety. Her heart palpitated to suffocation, when she saw

the momentous letter delivered to her father, and unable to conceal her agitation, she left the room. She was not long absent, when a servant came to summon her to attend Mr. Berkley in his study. "I am not going to be angry with you Eliza," he cried, as he led her to a chair. "You cannot help the presumption of a puppy; you are subject to the views of these pretenders, in common with all women of distinction, and I only mention the subject thus seriously now, to teach you more caution, as to how you form an acquaintance in this manner again. The only reply with which I shall honour this young trader, shall be the return of his letter in a blank cover." As he spoke, he enfolded, sealed, and superscribed it. "And now," he added, "I need not enjoin you, should chance ever throw you in his way again, that you avoid him, and teach him, since he does not know it, the vast distance between a Berkley and himself. I will not detain you longer on an unworthy subject. Go to your aunt," and he at the same time rung for the servant, to whom he committed the letter for delivery.

Eliza left the room as she had entered it, without uttering a sound: there was that in her father's manner that left her no alternative but silence, and she retired to her room to vent the anguish of her heart in tears. She could not bear that Merton should be used thus—should be thus humiliated, she felt none of those arbitrary distinctions, she knew they could add nothing to what she felt for Wilson Merton. As the only means of softening his feelings, and relieving her own heart, she sat down and wrote to Mrs. Merrick, to whose house Merton had not given his address, and therefore, fortunately, left that quarter without suspicion. She received no answer till the next morning, when Mrs. Merrick informed her, that at the very moment of receiving the returned letter, Merton also received an express, stating his father to be at the point of death, that ordering post horses, he had set off for London, only allowing himself time to write the few lines to Eliza which she enclosed. These she read, and re-read, till she got them by heart, it was the only proof and pledge she had of Merton's love, and she cherished it even when she believed he had ceased to love her. It was now ten weeks and she had neither heard of nor from him; Mrs. Merrick and her husband were in Wales, about a small estate lately fallen to them, and she had no refuge from the melancholy musings of her own hopeless heart.

At length Mrs. Merrick returned, and with her some dawns of consolation to Eliza; to her, at least, she could unburthen the pent-up sorrow of her heart. Philosophy smiles at such sorrow, and so do many without philosophy. "They jest at scars who never felt a wound," and so do those whose wounds are healed. But Eliza's feelings were acute to the last degree: it mattered little to her that she was surrounded by the gifts of fortune, since she had not zest for their enjoyment; all that would have given her pleasure if shared with Merton, only now gave her pain, as it reminded her of his absence. And she regretted that at their last parting, she had not evinced more decidedly the tenderness that warmed her heart. "But did I know it

was the last! could I have imagined that the last impression of me on his dear mind, would be the insult he has endured for my sake?" In this moment of indulgent softness, as she sat dissolved in tears, Mrs. Merrick gently opened the door, crying, "I have brought a stranger to you." Raising her languid head, she turned, and beheld Merton. He was in deep mourning, and looked so thin and pale, she could not for a moment believe it was himself. Bursting into a fresh flood of tears on his bosom, she exclaimed, "Wilson, you are ill!" "How can I be ill when I find you so kind? I have been ill, anxiety and anguish, my hasty journey, and my father's loss, all conspired to throw me into a fever; but I am well again, and once more happy." In the course of their interview, she rejoiced to observe his countenance lose its pallid hue, and that he was altogether much better than she at first imagined him to be. As the day drew to its close, she had not the courage to tell him it was the evening appointed for her return home, and that return she must; but Mrs. Merrick mentioned it. "To-night, Eliza?" exclaimed Merton; "So soon must you be torn from me. Oh! consent to fly with me to-night, and prove how vast the love I bear you; I have an ample fortune, I am my own master, what is there to bar our happiness if—indeed you love me?" "Too well! too well!" she exclaimed, hiding her face in his bosom. "What is it then you fear?" "My father!" All entreaty was vain, and Eliza returned to Berkley Hall that night, more dead than alive. Her love for Merton had reached its climax, one moment more and she had forgot her father, and his dreaded malediction.

Her first employment on retiring to her room, which she immediately did on the plea of illness, and at the risk of having the contents of the family medicine chest poured down her throat, was to write to Mrs. Merrick, entreating her to comfort and support Merton. Confident that her father would never grant his consent, equally confident that she could not fly in the face of the author of her being, and the fond and indulgent cherisher of her infancy, and be happy: she conjured her to urge Merton to acquiescence, either in resigning her altogether, or waiting the issue of time, which might work something in their favour. Although Eliza Berkley was necessary to the happiness of Merton's existence, yet had he too much pride of soul to subject himself again to the unfeeling insults of her father; his only hope therefore rested on overcoming the repugnance of Eliza to violate the duty of a child; for this reason, through the medium of Mrs. Merrick, he hoped to keep up a correspondence, and leaving a letter for Eliza, pressed by the urgency of his affairs, he once more left Monmouthshire for London.

We will pass over the tedious interval that elapsed till the anniversary of their meeting. On that evening, the 10th of August, he was seated alone in his counting-house, the shadow of what he was on that day the year before. The affairs that he had long neglected to inspect, now broke with a frightful aspect on his view, ruin stared him in the face, and this at a moment when he wanted energy to stem the current of opposing fortune. His father's sudden death had left a thousand things unexplained, and all his affairs in the utmost state of confusion—a ruinous engagement, his father had entered into with a rascally partner, completed the scene of desolation and disappointment. Bankruptcy must be the consequence, and Wilson Merton met the impending blow with apparent composure, it at least determined him in one point, that of releasing Miss Berkley from her engagement. It was on that subject he was seated in melancholy musings on the evening in question. To resign her was hardly less difficult than

to tell her that he did so, he dreaded also lest the circumstance should look like an appeal to the generosity of her nature; for that reason, even at the risk of injuring himself in her opinion, he concealed the misery of his situation, and told her he would relieve her of the painful task of replying to his letter, as he should quit his present residence the next day. The next day he surrendered to the King's Bench; the story of his ruin had spread, and being consequently little troubled with visitors, he had sufficient time for affection; and these, however painful, were now without their consolations, his distress was not the consequence of his own extravagance, his expenditure had never been beyond what his father's supposed fortune warranted. He had not selfishly involved another in his misery, and congratulated himself that Eliza's obedience was its own reward. Yet apart from this, he could not think without anguish of the change that a few short months had made in his fortune, his hopes, his views, and his friends. His uncle's family, to whom he had been uniformly liberal and affectionate, were now forward to advise and reprove, to suggest how things ought to have been, but were utterly silent on things as they were. His cousins, and their mamma, on the score of the impropriety of ladies visiting a prison, only sent him their love, while his uncle's pity and advice met so rough a reception, that both were withdrawn, for a time at least. Some of his young companions, who once called every day, might now look in once a week, but never oftener, and then finding him more melancholy and abstracted than they expected, they usually found some very special reasons for abridging the term of their visit.

He soon learned to smile at these gadflies of society, and beheld them come and go with great indifference; under this feeling he carelessly cried "come in," to a gentle tap at his door one morning, it opened, and he neither rose nor looked up, till finding no one speak, he raised his eyes—to the countenance of Eliza Berkley! "Is it possible!" he cried, as she flew into his arms. "Am I in my senses! Is it my own Eliza?" "Yes more than ever yours. Oh! you have used me cruelly—to fly me as you did—to hide yourself from me. But I have found and I forgive you all—but, Merton, I come freighted, but with love only. "I who would give my blood for you, have nought to offer but tears." "And what else could you bring to make you precious to the heart of Merton? my sweet preserver! you have infused a glow into my soul, too exquisite for poor humanity to bear. When before was a prison a paradise to man!" "Oh! Merton, I am another creature than the timid girl you found me, I can scarce recognise my own identity. Here have I come post from Monmouth by myself, who never was more than twenty miles from home before." "By yourself?" "Yes, you do not suppose I asked my father to accompany me? but 'tis really no laughing matter, I fear pursuit, I must be concealed till—" "We are married!" "whence are those foolish notions which make us women fear to utter what we feel—but dearest Wilson, there you must stand the storm, I cannot meet my father." All the dormant energies of Merton's character, revived under the present circumstance, in a very short time he was married and out of prison; "but the world was all before them where to choose," and he felt some difficulty in deciding on what course to pursue. "Think not of me," cried his young and noble-minded wife, as he expressed a wish to place her in a situation as congenial to her early habits, as it was possible for him to do. "I am a new creature,—I am no longer Eliza Berkley; forget I ever was such. All I conjure of you is, to fix on something

that will not involve the necessity of our separation." "Then I must not think of travelling for a house, a situation for which I am well suited, and could easily procure." "Would you give such a situation a preference?" asked Eliza. "Only as far as it would enable me to make you comfortable." "Then stay with me my worshipped love, and provided I see you contented with what our frugal fortune may afford, God knows, I shall be more than happy." By heavens! Eliza, all that romantic poets ever wrote of women, falls short of what I feel for you, your fondness endears distress—your cheerfulness in the midst of privation, and privation which you have been ill taught to bear, dissipates all melancholy—while your sense and firmness leave me without a fear from the exigencies of fortune." "My blessed Wilson, the chosen of your heart should not be less than I am,—how much more! but let me be your counsellor, and where my ignorance of the world makes me err, correct me. You have but little money I know; but you have character and credit, could you not embark in the business you have just relinquished, on a smaller scale? In that case, my love, I could be your clerk, accountant, and assistant. I should be a little awkward at first, but I should improve wonderfully, you know I am an apt scholar!" Merton pressed her to his heart with the brief words of love, "too great for many."

The plan Eliza pointed out was adopted, and a short time saw him behind the counter of a shop, in one of the populous streets of London. They had many humiliations to contend with, from the mixed intercourse to which they were now, for the first time in their lives, subjected; but they had an antidote to every ill, in the unalloyed affection by which they were united, under the influence of which they acted with one accord. A dignified reserve, remote from the superciliousness of pride, kept the vulgar, both great and little, at bay, while the real good breeding of their unaffected manners, procured them that consideration and attention, from superior minds, which is the result of an intuitive sympathy. When the business of the day was done, that hour dear to the domesticated, came with all its calm comforts. Merton's heart often rose in silent gratitude to heaven for his happiness. Eliza was no notable bustling, who made every one wretched under pretence of keeping them clean and comfortable. The process of all domestic arrangements were kept carefully out of view, the results only were seen, in the neat and even elegant economy of their frugal household. Her power was acknowledged by every one within her influence, as we confess the presence of air, by the silent tone of vigour and delight which it imparts. Often when Merton wheeled his sofa, or drew his chair close to the bright fire, which created a feeling beyond mere warmth, while Eliza poured his tea out into a delicate china cup, and kissed it before she gave it to him, with a smile sweet as ever sat upon the lip of woman, would he contrast his then feelings, with those of his earlier and more opulent days, and would exclaim,

"Ye powers of wealth!

Can gold buy friendship? Impudence of hope,
Love and love only, is the loan of love."

Walking was another of their frugal luxuries; and many a moonlight night, would they walk up Piccadilly, as far as Knightsbridge, and back again after supper; sometimes lingering before the noble mansions in their way, and sometimes too much engaged in their conversation to notice them at all. Both were eminently gifted with that fascinating talent, and preclusion from its enjoyment all day gave it an additional charm in the hour of leisure,

"Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun,

Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied,
It ventilates our intellectual fires,
And burnishes the mental magazine,
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use."

They occasionally exchanged a letter with the Merricks, though they had denied Eliza all assistance to get to London: but the refusal had been induced by a good motive, and was therefore forgiven. In answer to their inquiries, they learned that Mr. Berkley had apparently recovered his composure, but that all hopes of reconciliation were fruitless. A sigh rose to Mrs. Merton's lips, but she did not suffer it to escape, lest Wilson might impute it to a momentary feeling of regret, but she could not so easily disperse the tears that suffused her eyes. "You have sacrificed too much for me," cried her husband, taking her passive hand; for a moment she did not reply, endeavouring to subdue the emotion which threatened to overwhelm her utterance, but the effort was vain, and bursting into tears, she threw herself on the bosom of her husband. "Oh! Merton, be not jealous of the anguish that pursues the image of my father. 'Tis unblended with any feeling, but what relates to him personally; I have made no sacrifice that you have not richly repaid—know the heart better that adores you, and never, never wrong it by a doubt!" There was something in the fervour of her tones, the fond and graceful energy of her gesture, that affected him beyond expression, and he could almost allow himself to suggest vague apprehensions, for the luxury of hearing and feeling her eloquence of look, of gesture, and of tone.

The period now rapidly advanced, which promised to add another tie to that which already bound their hearts, and Eliza became more than ever, if possible, an object of tender interest and solicitude to Merton. The thousand feelings that vibrated between hope and fear, kept him in a state of constant excitation, and tinged all his future views with hope and apprehension; but the tide of fortune was yet in its flow, and Mrs. Merton was safely delivered of twins, a boy and girl, who, to speak in the common mode of phraseology on such occasions, "were with their mother likely to do well." Wilson Merton now beheld his Eliza in a new character, and felt new stimulants, and new motives arising for fresh industry and exertion; thus may it be often observed, that the man who marries young, and surrounds himself with endearing claimants on his affections, conquers a thousand difficulties, and opens a thousand avenues to fortune, which the more prudent loiterer in the path of celibacy fails to find or to subdue.

The fortune which they wooed, so sedulously, smiled on them, and in the course of five years, they found it expedient to remove to an establishment upon a larger scale. Cecil and Louisa, their two first born, were the only children they had to live, and perhaps the charities of human life never presented a circle lovelier or happier than the family of Merton, and such was its calm sunshine of blessedness, that but one event occurred in a series of many years, to agitate or disturb it. Mrs. Merton and her two children were at their new residence, where every thing was yet "in sixes and sevens," when Cecil, who was running from the parlour to the shop, hastened to his mamma, and told her a gentleman was standing in the doorway from the rain, and might he not ask him in. "Certainly, my sweet boy," was the reply he received, and away he skipped to invite the stranger, who taking his hand was led by him into the parlour. What were the feelings of Mrs. Merton on beholding her father! overcome by a meeting he had been so little prepared to expect, he reeled, with a countenance of ashy paleness, into the chair little

Cecil had placed for him, while his scarcely less agitated daughter threw herself at his feet. She alternately kissed his hands with the wildest fondness, and then recollecting herself, flew for a glass of water. Mr. Berkley recovered, and embraced her, but she observed a restless look of uneasiness, perpetually turned towards the door, which she readily interpreted: "Mr. Merton is not at home," she cried, "this is a new abode, in which we are not yet settled." "And these," cried her father, willing to interrupt her, for fear of further mention of the obnoxious name, "these are your children—what is your name, sir?" he continued in a tone of mixed tenderness and severity, addressing the little boy. "Cecil Berkley Merton," he replied, with the firm and fearless tone of a boy, whose spirit is only subdued by the habits of courtesy, in which he had been reared.

Mr. Berkley's heart was touched at finding she had named her son after her father; but he was of a nature too obstinate to retract an error, even when he saw it, and he suffered the last name to act as an antidote to the two first. Yet still yearning to bestow the forgiveness for which his daughter pleaded, he promised an unlimited return of all his former tenderness on one condition; Eliza entreated him to name it,—it was to place herself and children under his protection, and consent to a separation from her husband. Eliza stood a moment silent and motionless, in the stupefaction of horror and surprise, at a proposal that struck a chill to her heart; then withdrawing to a distance from him, she took her boy and girl in either hand, and stood before him the personification of majesty, softened by sorrow and filial remembrances, yet deeply touched by the sense of recent injury. "No, sir, I and my children have a protector, that the world's empire could not bribe us from an hour; and I would take them thus in my hand, and wander with him through this earth, a beggar and fugitive, and not repine, so long as he was with us. In beholding you I did not forget I was a daughter—in beholding these can you forget I am a wife and mother? Go, my children," and as she spoke, she put them into another apartment, and closed the door. "I would bid them plead to you, they might prevail, though I have not, but their young minds never shall be tainted by a humiliating thought of him, I rear them to reverence and love—you will not know him—will not do him justice!" There was a tone of reproach in this address, that grated on the feelings of Mr. Berkley; and was felt in the proposition in which it was deserved, it assisted to stifle his returning tenderness, and to fix his wavering resolution, and with an assurance, that so long as her husband lived, he would never receive her as his daughter, he bade her farewell.

This event was not soon forgotten, especially by Mrs. Merton; but the stream of domestic happiness was too deep and strong to be much impeded by it; to her her father was like a sunken treasure at sea, round which the waters form an eddy, and draw in whatever ventures to approach too near; conscious of this, she never suffered herself to dwell upon the subject, but in the unremitted duties of the connubial and maternal character, kept her mind from vain regret. She had besides done what so few women do—preserved the mistress in the wife, her hair was curled with as much care, her dress adjusted with as much taste,—in every attention to the delicacy of her person, she was even more scrupulous than ever; in her conversation, her pursuits, she aimed at the same object which had stimulated her on their first acquaintance—his approval and admiration; the only difference he experienced from her was, a warmer tone of tenderness, a more animated fervour of expression.

It was the summer of the tenth anniversary of their marriage, when, accompanied by their children, they accepted an invitation to spend a month or two with Mrs. Merrick, now two years a widow; to this journey they had many inducements; the desire of revisiting scenes of past happiness, hallowed by the first dawns of their passions, and to view their blooming children sporting amid those remembered shades; a wish also to relieve the sombre tone of Mrs. Merrick's life, and to gratify her desire of seeing Cecil and Louisa, together with a consciousness of the ability to travel with comfort, and without infringing too largely on their means, all tended to hasten the preparations, and speed the journey. There are few feelings more delightful than those we experience in visiting scenes of former happiness, especially with a companion to whom we can express the sentiments of our hearts, and whose feelings we know respond to our own. How exquisite then were those of Merton and Eliza, in again finding themselves on the spot where they first met. It was a moonlight night, calm as the sleep of infancy, and as they moved onward, they felt the silence too sacred to be broken, but though mute, they were not ineloquent; the very manner in which she hung upon his arm, with a confiding pressure, that told the luxury in which thus to lean on one she loved so deeply—the softness of her dark eyes as she looked up at him—the fondness of his answering gaze—was the unuttered language of love, that wanted not the dull agency of words. Ere they came abroad, they had paused to gaze on their beautiful twins, and kissed them as they slept, and the image of their reposing innocence long blended with their other feelings.

They had wandered on without contemplating the necessity of return, and were in fact between three and four miles from Mrs. Merrick's house. The bright moonlight, the entire occupation of their thoughts, and occasionally resting in favourite and recollected spots, had led them on insensible to fatigue, it now therefore called for some courage on the part of Eliza, to meet their homeward walk. But she was not one of those who yielded to difficulties, or tormented herself and others by fruitless murmurs, they soon therefore gained the main road. As they went on they were struck by an unusual appearance in the sky, and were shortly convinced it proceeded from a fire, every step they advanced, they saw it plainer, and neither dare whisper to the other the fears with which their hearts palpitated. Within a mile of home they encountered many whom curiosity, or a better feeling, was drawing to the scene of devastation, but from none could they ascertain the precise situation of the calamity. Their winged step carried them too soon to the spot—in was the house of Mrs. Merrick, from every window of which the flames were rushing and raging with terrific fury. Some hay-stacks behind the house were also on fire, and the want of water, and the excessive drought from the peculiar dryness of the season, left every thing to the mercy of the devouring element. A scene more wild and terrific has seldom broke upon a human eye: and how did it come aggravated to the breast of Merton and Eliza, since it involved the fate of their children. As the strong light fell on their advancing figures, they might have been taken for spectres, so colourless were their countenances,—“My children! where are my children!” frantically cried the wretched mother; at first the crowd gave way as they rushed wildly through them, for they were but little known to the country people; but when it was ascertained that they were bent on entering the house, twenty persons rushed forward at

once, to prevent them. Vainly did they appeal—vainly did they ask the fate of their infant offspring, at length a servant of Mr. Merrick's rushing up, exclaimed, “Is it Mr. Merton?” “It is, it is, where are my children? Do they live?” “Do they live?” echoed their mother. By this time the domestic had come up with them, and assured them the children were safe. “My God; I thank thee!” ejaculated Eliza. “Thank heaven! thank heaven!” exclaimed Merton. “Thank heaven!” echoed the surrounding crowd, in a burst of sympathy.

The fire had been discovered barely time enough to save the inmates from destruction, as the roof fell just as they quitted it. Mrs. Merrick and the young Mertons had been received into a neighbour's house, whither the servant now led their agitated parents. To describe such a scene, is impossible. The broken ejaculations of ardent gratitude and wild delight—the torrent of inquiries and caresses, must all be left to imagination. Left now at liberty to act and think more coolly, Merton felt all his fears revive for the situation of Eliza, who was kissing alternately her endearing children; he whispered his terrors to Mrs. Merrick, who had wonderfully conquered her terrors, and who declared she should have been much worse, were it not for the exertion she had been obliged to make, for the sake of the little charge so unhappily left to her sole care.

Though on the immediate cessation of fear Mrs. Merton had evinced no symptoms of illness, on the contrary had appeared animated and restored; but an hour had scarcely elapsed, when she was taken alarmingly ill; the best advice the place could afford was called in, and terror and dismay once more took sole possession of the heart of Merton, the children so lately the objects of his solicitude, were now unnoticed and unthought of. Eliza was at length delivered of a still-born child, in the seventh month of her pregnancy, and the faint hope of saving the mother vanished, she felt her approaching dissolution, and entreated to see her husband, but in the brief moments it took to bring him to her bed-side, she became considerably worse, and when he advanced and bent over her, she had only strength to raise her dying eyes to his face. But nature, under so powerful an incitement made a last effort, and it is more than probable she would have died ere Merton entered the room, but for the exertion she made to keep the quivering flame of life a little longer, and she now in a faint voice addressed him: “I will not tell you to grieve for me, Merton, but I entreat of you to live for your children and mine. I do not ask to see them—but you will bear them their mother's dying kisses—I can only bear to die, in the hope of meeting. He took her gently in his arms. “Oh!—Wilson, you will live for my children—my love—my love.” He could only answer her with kisses—with all of vital power that she had, she raised herself to gaze upon his face, then sinking again upon his bosom, expired! The new-made corpse had warmth, but Merton's frame had none. 'Twas a horrid sight to see it withdrawn from the bosom to which it had been pressed, without waking the slightest consciousness there. Mr. Merton was borne from the room, and it was long thought that life was extinct, but after much effort he gave signs of returning animation, he groaned deeply, but he did not lose the rigidity of feature, the hue and chill of death, that gave him the appearance of a corpse. The next day his children were brought to him; he gazed upon them in silence, and it was evident the internal conflict was dreadful; he then drew them towards him, and kissed them with the deepest

fondness and despair; when they were removed, he asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote to Mr. Berkley.

“I consign you Sir, the children of Eliza; in obedience to her wish I do so—you will not refuse the trust—death has claimed their mother—a less merciful power their father—leave them not with a madman. At her grave—at the grave of my dead Eliza I will commit the precious pledges to your hands—and heaven so deal with you—as you with them.” This note was carried to Mr. Berkley, who was, however, prepared by previous information, and met the shock with more firmness than was expected from him. Learning the incapacity of Mr. Merton, he gave the necessary direction for the funeral. And on the fourth day from Eliza's decease, the mournful cavalcade set forth, to consign her mortal remains to the grave. It was an impressive sight, a sight few forgot, who beheld the husband with his children in either hand, walk up the aisle of the church, followed by the father, the solemnity in which the service was delivered was awful, none present but the pastor seemed to breathe when the coffin was lowered into the vault, and the service ended. Merton knelt down and continued wildly kissing his children for some time, he then rose and led them to Mr. Berkley. “Take them, Sir, in pity take them—their forbade me death—but not madness—if I survive the shock you will not deny my seeing them—but 'tis impossible!” The weeping children were with difficulty led away by Mr. Berkley. But no effort could induce their despairing father to accept the shelter of any habitation, he wandered away into the woods, where servants were placed by Mr. Berkley's orders to watch him, lest he should attempt his life, and try, at least, towards night, to bring him home; but his strength and speed baffled their efforts, and violence they were forbid to use, three days did he thus wander, rejecting food and shelter, and then crawling to the spot hallowed by his first meeting with Eliza, he breathed his last.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loaves and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's aples. SHAKESPEARE.

Hindoo Superstition.—In the year 1821, the whole of the country of Siam was in a deplorable state in consequence of the spread of the Cholera Morbus, from Hindoostan, where it had carried off half a million of persons. In Siam its ravages were so dreadful, that at Bangkok alone (the capital) upwards of 40,000 perished. The poorer classes of the Siamese unroofed their houses to admit vultures and other birds of prey to carry off the dead. The king had convened a council of nobles, priests, and astrologers, to ascertain the cause of this unprecedented mortality; when they were unanimously of opinion that it proceeded from an evil spirit in the form of a fish, who being disturbed in its usual abode in a far uninhabited country, had sought shelter there, and that the only method was to frighten him back with guns, muskets, drums, gongs, &c. Accordingly an innumerable number of the inhabitants collected along the sea-shore, to put into execution the imperial mandate; drums and gongs beat in all directions; and thousands of the Siamese plunged into the sea with spears, swords, stones, and other missiles, to frighten the fish; but when the scene ended about seven at night, upwards of 7000 souls were left dead with the Cholera Morbus on the beach and in the water!

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great world, and not feel the crowd

AN ACCOUNT OF CONGO,
IN AFRICA.

Congo, is exceedingly populous, notwithstanding the multitude of slaves drawn from it every year; but the women are remarkably prolific. It is pretended that, without this perpetual emigration, without wars, and the mortality occasioned by epidemical diseases, and without famines, it would be overstocked with inhabitants, who would devour each other. We must not expect to find here an extensive trade; the whole amounts only to a little barter among the negroes, for the most urgent necessities of life. If they have moneys of gold, silver, copper, and other metals, as they boast, they never employ them. Their money consists of small shells called *zembis*, which are fished up in the Bamba: they are current, not only in Congo, but in the neighbouring kingdoms. It is curious to hear the reasoning of a Congo negro, when he sits on his mat smoking his pipe, covered with a few wretched rags and scorched by the perpendicular rays of the sun. "Other countries," says he, "are the workmanship of angels, mine is that of God himself: my king is the richest, wisest, and most powerful of monarchs; my countrymen are the noblest and happiest people in the universe. Why talk to me of the magnificence of the courts of your monarchs in Europe and Asia; of their commerce, revenues, the grandeur of their palaces, the opulence and felicity of their subjects, and of the great progress they have made in the arts, sciences, and manufactures? All this, even if true, is far below the dignity and splendour of my sovereign and his kingdom. There can be only one Congo in the world; all the rest was created for the glory of our monarch, and the happiness of his subjects. The sea pays us a continual tribute, *zembis*; while other nations are obliged to dig the mountains, and to break the rocks, in order to extract gold and silver, which are only the excrements of the earth. What but the poverty and the sterility of your country can induce you to expose yourselves, to so many labours and dangers, to come and traffic with us? What need have I of your stuffs, and all the produce of your manufactures? they cost you great labour to make them, while I am enjoying repose. Your shoes I can do without; for my feet, rendered callous, are neither burnt by the sand, or wounded by the stones. Of what use to me are your hats? my head is defended by my hair, which is impervious to the rays of the sun. Your mattresses, your carpets, and other articles of the like kind, would serve only to expose me to more heat. I sleep in tranquillity on the bare ground; and when the friendly zephyrs arise, the intervention of a wall, or of a piece of cloth extended to serve as a tent, does not rob me of that gift of nature. If drenched by the rain, I only shake myself and am soon dry. My wives procure me slaves, and with those whom I sell, I purchase every thing, not supplied by my small field, which is cultivated by my women. I buy, in the like manner, my domestic utensils, when I am not acquainted with the art of making them. While I indulge in enjoyment, the price of my children furnishes me with pipes, tobacco, and brandy, which rejoice my heart; and with other women, who bring me other slaves, by whom I am enriched."

As the Capuchins one day entered their church, at St. Salvador, which is the capitol of the country, they saw a negro sending forth loud cries, stamping on the ground with his feet, and twisting his

arms like a person in despair. On their running up to him to inquire the cause of his distress, he replied, "Alas! I had a brother, a sister, a father, a mother, a wife, and children. Unhappy wretch! I have sold them all, and I have none left of my family by whom I can make money." The good fathers, in great surprise, began to remonstrate with him, and to show how much he violated nature and reason, by this excess of inhumanity: upon which he replied, "I have done nothing but what has been practised at all times in this country. What crime have I committed in selling them? I only prevented them from serving me in the same manner." Though Christianity, which was established here about the end of the fifteenth century, has lessened this practice, it is far from being entirely abolished. The inhabitants of Congo possess none of those arts of industry, by which labour is alleviated in other countries. Every thing among them is performed with the most painful toil. Labour supplies the place of art and ingenuity. They do not weave, but pass their threads through each other one by one. A stone, or piece of hard wood is their anvil, which they hold between their feet: they forge the iron with a shapeless mallet, but can neither file or polish it. They are equally clumsy in working with clay or wood; but in whatever relates to their own convenience they excel. A negro must be very poor if he has not two negroes to carry him, stretched out at full length in a palanquin. He who is obliged to walk on foot never burthens himself with any thing, for the wife carries the bag, which contains their provisions. It hangs at her back, suspended by a thong, which passes round her forehead. Besides this load, she has sometimes in her arms a child, which she suckles, and drags another along by the hand. The husband, in the mean time, gravely smokes his pipe close by her side, and never offers to assist her. This painful task is often renewed, because the negroes are fond of changing their residence, as it is so easy for them to carry every thing along with them. They ought, however, to be deterred from pursuing this wandering kind of life, by the difficulty and danger of travelling in a country infested by ferocious animals, destitute of bridges, and without open roads, except from one town to another; through forests, obstructed by underwood, and amidst grass that rises above their heads. But none of these obstacles are capable of curing their mania for travelling.

Among the lower classes, when a girl is thought to be of an age fit for a husband, her parents make her retire for a month, to a particular tent, where she receives the addresses of different suitors, and the presents they bring her: at the end of that period, she gives her hand to the person who is most agreeable to her taste. Among the great, there are few marriages which have not been preceded by a noviciate, or trial. It is believed that a couple, before they enter into an engagement for their whole lives, ought to be intimately acquainted with each other; they agree, therefore, to take a trial of each other for two or three years. When the conditions are accepted by the parents and the girl, she removes, with as much privacy as possible, to the house of her future husband, and thus commences her noviciate. When the term agreed on arrives, it is generally the woman who solicits for a solemnization of the marriage. As to the last ceremony, the husband is very indifferent, because he is about to impose on himself a sort of restraint; and in regard to children he cares very little whether they be bastards, or legitimate: but he is often induced to submit through a desire of getting possession of the dowry. Sometimes the ceremony is preceded by raptures, and divorces, during which the

woman takes care to provide herself with a protector; but this gives the husband no offence; and he is not prevented, by these irregularities, from making her his lawful wife. The marriage is celebrated before a priest, when one can be found; for the people here spoken of are Catholics. On these occasions, nothing is spared in order to treat the guests. The poor, rather than be deficient in this respect, would sell one or two of their children to purchase a calf or an ox, together with port wine and brandy: the repast continues as long as there is any thing to eat, and the whole is accompanied with singing and dancing, until the guests fall asleep on the spot. Their noisy songs, intermixed with cries and shouts, frighten a European; and the negroes laugh at ours. They have both string and wind instruments; but even when played in the most masterly manner, they form a dismal and melancholy concert. The more immodest their dances are, the more they consider them agreeable. Both sexes are sometimes so heated by them, that they become seized with a kind of frenzy, which makes them forget the rules of decency; and in this the spectators participate. The immodest and licentious confusion which then takes place, exceeds that of the most indecent bacchanals. To these excesses which are frequent, is ascribed a great part of their diseases. Besides keeping their pores shut by the grease, with which they almost always anoint themselves, they contract them also, by the means of the cold water into which they plunge, when quite disgusting with sweat, produced by these violent movements. Though the diseases thence resulting are of a common kind, their physicians are unacquainted with the art of curing them: the greatest part of their patients die.

The rains in this hot and moist climate are almost all mortal. An opinion generally prevails, that it is doing a service to a man in the agonies of death, to assist him to die speedily; the least cruel are those who hasten death, by stunning the patient with cries and shouts, or stifling him with caresses. Before the introduction of Christianity, the king's favourite concubines, at least to the number of twelve, were interred with him: but they all solicited for that honour, and fought with each other to obtain it. This custom is abolished; but that of mournful lamentations, during eight days, at the funerals of the great, and the practice at anniversaries, of loading the tables with provisions, and getting intoxicated, are still retained. Then follow the ceremonies of the church, which are performed with a pomp proportioned to the dignity of the person. The royal vault is ornamented with a suit of black hangings, which are renewed every year, notwithstanding the bad odour that exhales, for some time after, from the body deposited in the middle of it in a beautiful coffin. It is related of the inhabitants of the province of Matamba, that when any of their relations are at the point of death, they lay hold of them by the legs or arms, raise them in the air as high as they can, and then suffer them to fall to the ground. After looking at them some time, when dead or expiring, they throw themselves on the body, kiss it, and press it against their breasts, with sighs, and other marks of sorrow; which might be capable of exciting the pity of those who are not acquainted with the indifferent want of affection that prevail in all their families.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BACCHUS.

Tableaux, or Living Pictures.

In the higher circles of society in Vienna, a species of exhibition called *Tableaux*,

is much encouraged. I shall say a few words on this amusement, which is scarcely known in England, though often introduced in many parts of the continent, and was, during the great assembly of the late Congress at Vienna, more than once made the subject of the court entertainments; in which some of the highest nobility performed.

The nature of these exhibitions is to represent by groups of living figures, the compositions of the most celebrated sculptors or painters. With this view, the part of the apartment, or theatre, beyond which the tableaux is to be placed, is darkened, and on raising a curtain, the figures are discovered, dressed in the costume the painter has given them, and firmly fixed in the attitude which his pencil had prescribed. The light chosen by the painter is skilfully introduced, and other objects arranged so as to give as nearly as possible the effect of the original painting. After some minutes, the curtain drops to give the performers time to rest, and relieve themselves from the painful attitudes which they are often obliged to maintain, and the curtain being again drawn up, discovers them still in their characteristic postures. When the spectators are supposed to be satisfied with one picture, another is introduced, and thus several are exhibited in succession. This generally forms only a part of the evening's amusement, and is either accompanied by a theatrical performance, or, if in a private circle, by dancing and music.

I once witnessed a striking variety of this entertainment. At a certain hour in the evening, in the midst of a splendid assembly, the folding doors of another room were suddenly thrown open, and what appeared to be a beautiful collection of wax figures, was displayed to our delighted eyes; they were placed on pedestals, or in recesses, or in groups around the room; they represented heathen deities, or the gnomes and fairies, with which the poets have peopled the regions of imagination, with all their emblematical accompaniments, that their dresses were selected with the greatest taste: these figures were represented by persons whom nature had favoured in a most distinguished manner; they preserved an unmoved firmness, and interrupted the illusion they intended to create but by the animation of their eyes, and the smile which sometimes dimpled the cheek even of the rooted Daphne. To assert merely that the exhibition was beautiful, were to degrade it; it seemed to throw a magic sensation over the spectator, and the great difficulty was to induce them to retire, when it was actually necessary to relieve the figures from the painful positions in which they stood.

At the theatre of the city of Perth, a very pleasing and splendid variation of this entertainment is in high vogue, and is much encouraged. The performance is here always in German, and exhibitions of tableaux are made on a very large and extensive scale; they generally represent historical subjects in progressive stages. The curtain draws up, and discovers the actors placed immovably in their respective characters. They thus remain for some minutes, when a signal is given, and they all change their postures, representing some new action; having remained stationary for some time longer, a signal is again given, and the action proceeds one step further; after a sufficient time a fourth change takes place, and then the curtain falling, the picture is finally hidden from our view, and closed. The grand divisions, or principal points or incidents of a poem, drama, or historical facts, are thus elegantly and delightfully embodied.

Provincial Theatricals.—A strolling company were lately performing, in a barn, King Lear; when at the scene of the pelting storm, the tragic hero step-

ped forward and thus addressed the audience: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I humbly beg you will be so kind as to suppose, at this moment, a war of elements, as I am sorry to inform you, that our thunderer is gone tipping to an ale-house, and that the rats in this barn have destroyed all the peas we rattled in a sieve for the representation of hail." It is hardly necessary to add, that although the audience was rustic, the tragedy instantly became a comedy.—At an inn in a market town, where a company of comedians were murdering the language of some of our best dramatic writers, an Irish gentleman sat in the kitchen smoking his pipe, and regarding with pleasure a fowl that was roasting for his supper. A tall, meagre figure stalked in, and after an earnest melancholy look at the fowl, he retired with a sigh: he repeated his visit a second time, and exclaimed—"That fowl will never be done in time."—"What do you mean?" said the Irishman, "that is for my supper, and you shan't touch a feather of it."—"Oh, (replied the other) you misunderstand me; I do not want the fowl, but I am to play Oroonoko this evening, and we cannot begin for want of the jack-chain!"

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of man, is man.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN OGILBY.

John Ogilby was born in or near Edinburgh, in November, 1600. His father is said to have been a gentleman of respectable family, who, having wasted his patrimony, removed to London, and was soon afterwards thrown into the King's Bench prison. The education of his son was, in the midst of these distresses, greatly neglected; but the youth being of a diligent turn, improved the few opportunities which he had to so much advantage, that he obtained a knowledge not only of his own language, but of the rudiments of the Latin.

Ogilby had not, it appears, been long under this master, before he became a proficient in the art and mystery of dancing, and so great a favorite with the scholars, that they supplied him with money enough to enable him to buy up his indentures before the regular period of their expiring, and to set up for himself. The fame of Mr. Ogilby now spread rapidly, and he was soon accounted without a rival in the metropolis. An unlucky step at high capering, however, in a mask given by William Duke of Buckingham, caused him to sprain one of his legs: and though he continued still able to teach, Ogilby was obliged to yield the honours of personal exhibition to others.

In 1633, when the unfortunate Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, went over to Ireland, as Lord Deputy, he took Ogilby along with him as one of his household. His duties in this situation were of rather a multifarious description. He was dancing-master to the Earl's children; occasional amanuensis to the Earl himself; and one of his lordship's troop of guard besides. Ambitious of shewing that he had a claim to still higher preferences, Ogilby began, for the first time, to pay his court to the Muses, and produced poetical versions of some of Æsop's fables, and a humorous piece, entitled, "The Character of a Trooper," which were read and talked of. The Earl was pleased with the assiduity, if not with the genius, displayed by his poetical trooper; and though he did not at once promote him to be Poet Laureate to the castle, he gave him an appointment, not much inferior to it in importance:—he made him Deputy Master of the Revels. Encouraged by the patronage of the court, and in honour of his new office, Ogilby erected a little Theatre in Dublin, where he for some time exhibited, with considerable success, such dramatic entertainments as

were then in vogue. On the breaking out of the rebellion, however, in 1641, the Master of the Revels' occupation was gone; he lost all his property, and on several occasions his life was in great danger, particularly at the blowing up of Rathfarnham Castle, near Dublin. About the year 1646, Ogilby left Ireland, but was shipwrecked on the passage, and arrived in London, in a most destitute condition.

The Earl of Strafford had perished on the scaffold some years before; and Ogilby's absence in Ireland having estranged him from all his old connexions, he was now without a friend or patron in the world. After a short stay in the metropolis, and a vain effort as it would seem, to re-establish himself there, he travelled on foot to Cambridge. Here, fortune once more smiled upon him. In what capacity he contrived to earn the means of his subsistence we are not told; but he was befriended by many of the scholars, and enabled to devote so much of his attention to classical studies, that he became, ere long, a perfect master of the Latin language. He had most probably resumed for a season the practice of his original profession; and it can be no disgrace to a man to have taught what he knew, in order to learn something better.

Desirous of turning his academical attainments to some account, Mr. Ogilby commenced a Translation of the Works of Virgil. It was completed and published in 1649, and sold so well, that in 1654 it was re-printed with splendid embellishments. Wood says, that this was the finest edition ever produced by the English press. Encouraged by the success of this literary adventure, Ogilby presented the public, in 1651, with the fables of Æsop, paraphrased in verse, &c. Although Ogilby had now passed his fiftieth year, such was his laudable perseverance in learned pursuits, that about 1654, an opportunity presenting itself of acquiring a knowledge of the Greek language, he entered on the study of it with all the ardour of youth. He had now removed to London, and through his friend Shirley the poet, who then kept a school in Whitefriars, became acquainted with a countryman of the name of Whitford or Whitfield, who was usher to Shirley, and kindly offered to be Ogilby's preceptor in the Greek.

Ogilby had no sooner acquired a competent knowledge of Homer, in the original, than he was seized with the ambition of again appearing before the public as a translator. He commenced an English poetical version of the Iliad, which he published in a style of great splendour, being adorned with a variety of engravings by Hollar, and other eminent artists. The notes, which shew considerable learning and acuteness, were supplied by Shirley; and it is probable, that the translation was also under some obligations to his superintendence. In the same year, he published at Cambridge, with the assistance of Dr. John Worthington, and other learned men, an edition of the "English Bible," which surpassed in elegance all preceding editions, and attracted the particular notice of Charles II.

Ogilby was now in such favour at court, that in 1662, he obtained, in opposition to Sir William Davenant, the patent of Master of the Revels in Ireland—an office which carried him once more into that kingdom. Of the theatre which he had erected during the viceroyalty of Strafford, nothing now remained; but with a spirit of liberality which did honour to his appointment, he laid out no less than two thousand pounds of a small fortune which he had acquired by his literary speculations, in erecting a new one, on a scale worthy of the Irish metropolis. As soon as this erection was completed, he returned to England.

In 1665 he published a second volume of translations from Æsop, ornamented with cuts, and in this included some few

fables of his own. In the same year, he published, as a companion to his Iliad, a translation of the Odyssey, printed in similar style of elegance and embellishment. It must seem surprising, that in an age when the number of readers was few, and when to starve was too often the fate of real genius, a writer of Ogilby's inferior powers should have enjoyed such extensive patronage, as to be able thus to produce one splendid volume after another. But Ogilby was, at least, as good a schemer as he was an author, and had a way of his own in procuring purchasers for his works, which is deserving of notice as a very curious piece of literary history. With the sanction of the court, he issued a proposal "for the better and more speedy vendition of several volumes (his own works) by the way of a standing lottery." This lottery commenced drawing on the 10th of May, 1675, and according to the account given by Ogilby in a subsequent proposal "to the general satisfaction of the adventurers, with no less hopes of a clear dispatch and fair advantage to the author." It continued drawing for several days, when its proceedings were stopped by the plague, and "it long discontinued under the arrest of that common calamity, till the next year's more violent and sudden visitation, the dreadful and surprising conflagration swallowed the remainder of the stock, being two parts of three to the value of £3000." The fortitude with which he sustained a loss, attended with so many aggravating circumstances, evinced a strength of character not often exemplified.—Instead of throwing up the game of life in despair, as most men of his advanced age would have been disposed to do, his only thought was how to make a new fortune as rapidly as possible. His first scheme for repairing his loss of fortune was to revive the lottery speculation, which the plague and fire had interrupted. He resolved, as he says in the second proposal which he issued on this occasion, not only to re-print all his own former editions, but others that were new and of equal value, and to set up a second standing lottery. The success of this lottery scheme, though not perhaps extremely flattering, was such, at least, as saved Ogilby from loss, and enabled him to push into circulation works, which had they depended on their intrinsic merit would, in all likelihood, have fallen dead-born from the press.

Ogilby now prudently turned his attention to a class of publications, which, as their utility was indisputable, required no such extraordinary arts to be forced into notice. He occupied himself solely with works of a geographical description, which he either compiled himself, or employed others to compile for him; and, with the same taste which he displayed in all his preceding publications, spared no pains or expense to present them to the public in as splendid a style as the united arts of typography and engraving were then capable of producing. He set up a printing establishment of his own, solely for the purpose of these works; employed only the best workmen and artists that were to be procured; and to give the greater eclat to his undertakings, he obtained, by his interest at court, the appointment of cosmographer and geographical printer to the king.

Having attained the age of seventy-six, Ogilby at length departed this life, Sept. 4th, 1676.

However humble Ogilby's pretensions as a poet may have been, it must be allowed, that in other respects he was no common character. The assiduity with which he repaired the defects of his early education; his attainments as a classical scholar; his address in procuring friends, and his care, by useful and honourable services, to retain them; the ingenuity of his schemes, and the magnitude of his performances, are all evidences of a mind capacious, inventive, and vigorous. Cib-

ber says, that "he seems to have recommended himself to the world by honest means without having recourse to the servile arts of flattery." I rather suspect that to flatter must have formed no inconsiderable part of Ogilby's art of rising in the world. It may have been flattery, however, without debasement; such honest courtliness as the most upright of men must have recourse to, when fate has left them to be the architects of their own fortune.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

Rise and Progress of Chemical Science. No. V.

The next great discoverer in the science of chemistry, and who outstripped most of his predecessors, was Dr. Joseph Black, of the University of Edinburgh. If we consider the immediate importance of the discoveries themselves, or their influence on other branches of chemistry, they may be considered as forming an era in the science. His attention was first directed to the change produced on chalk by the action of fire. Chalk is an insipid body, but when heated in the fire, and made red hot, it is changed into quicklime, which is highly acrid and caustic, the cause of this change was, before this time, usually supposed to be the absorption of fire; but Dr. Black ascertained that the weight of the chalk was greatly diminished; and that, therefore, the chalk instead of having gained an addition of new matter, must have parted with what it formerly had. This led to the discovery of a peculiar aeriform fluid, which is combined with chalk in its ordinary state, but which is driven off by heat, and thus denominated fixed air, and it is that which is now usually termed carbonic acid gas. He ascertained that the same aeriform body combined with magnesia, or with soda, or potash, rendered them mild; but when it was driven off by heat they also became acrid and caustic. Dr. Black also directed his attention to the subject of heat. He had observed, that when snow was melting, although the temperature of the air might for several days be much above the freezing point, and although it be so in pools in which there was no ice or snow, yet that where the ice or snow was melting the thermometer never indicated more than 32°. This led to the hypothesis of latent heat. He made numerous other discoveries of the effects of steam, and of the effects in general which are produced by the conversion of liquors into solids, of solids into liquids, and liquids into aeriform bodies.

The phenomena of fixed air, now called carbonic acid gas, were examined by Dr. Macbride of Dublin, a chemist, to whom society is indebted for improvements in the art of tanning. He verified and farther illustrated all the views of Dr. Black. In 1765, Dr. Brownrigg communicated important information to the Royal Society on the same subject. He remarks that a more intimate acquaintance with those noxious airs in mines, called damps, might lead to a discovery of that subtle principle of mineral waters, known by the name of their spirit; that the mephitic exhalations, termed choke damp, he had found to be a fluid permanently elastic: and that from various experiments he had reason to conclude that it entered the waters of Pyrmont, Spa, and others, imparting to them that pungent taste whence they are called acidulae, and likewise that volatile principle on which their virtue chiefly depends. In 1769, Mr. Lane called the attention of the scientific world to the fact, that iron is dissolved in water impregnated with fixed air. These were highly important discoveries respecting this gas, and led the way to the researches of other philosophers.

A new substance also of gaseous nature when free, but also usually found in a fixed state, combined with other bodies, was discovered by Dr. Rutherford, in 1772. This was nitrogen. He had found that when animals were confined in a portion of atmospheric air, they produced fixed or mephitic air, and this being removed by a caustic alkaline solution, he found the remainder to consist of an air which extinguished flame, and destroyed life, though it did not, like carbonic acid gas, occasion a precipitate in lime water.

Dr. Priestley now began to take the lead in scientific research. In 1768, his attention was drawn to Pneumatic chemistry, in consequence of residing near a brewery, in which he used to amuse himself with experiments on the fixed air produced by fermentation. When he removed from that neighbourhood, he was obliged to make the fixed air for himself, and one experiment led to another, until he had contrived a convenient apparatus of the cheapest kind.

Dr. Priestley's first publication was in 1772, when he explained the mode of impregnating water with carbonic acid gas; and in 1773, his "Observations on different kinds of Air," were read before the Royal Society. This paper is full of new facts, and in particular he treats of the influence of growing vegetables on the purity of the atmosphere. In 1773, the Council of the Royal Society presented him with Sir Godfrey Copley's medal. Dr. Priestley's grand discovery, which alone would be sufficient to immortalize his name, was that of oxygen gas, which he procured from red precipitate and red lead. Besides oxygen, he discovered several other gases; and was the first who collected ammonia, and sulphurous and muriatic acid, over quicksilver.

What is particularly remarkable in the character of Priestley, and which, from its intimate relation to the improvement of science, must be here noticed, is the extreme modesty with which he always spoke of his discoveries, and, as it indeed seemed, the surprise with which he himself regarded the importance attributed to their results. Others have carefully concealed the agency of chance in their acquirements; Priestley seems to have wished to attribute every thing to it. He remarks, with singular candour, how often he had thus been favoured without perceiving it, how many times he possessed new substances without distinguishing them; and he never dissimulates the erroneous views which sometimes directed him, and which he only recognised by experience. His great chemical work is, indeed, not a series of theorems, deduced one from the other; it is a simple record of his thoughts in all the disorder of their succession.

In 1779, Bergman, a Swedish chemist, published his Opuscula. He applied himself to analytical chemistry with great success; and his superior mind, rising above theories and hypotheses, readily embraced truth as disclosed by researches, whether in accordance or opposition to preconceived opinions. M. Scheele still further extended the boundaries of science. He was the discoverer of baryta; also of the method of obtaining citric and tartaric acids, and of chlorine; of the existence of nitrogen in ammonia. In his essays on Prussian blue, on milk, on the acid matter of fruits, and on ether, he has shewn great skill as an analyst, and great invention as an experimental chemist. He obtained oxygen and nitrogen independent of any knowledge of the prior discoveries of Priestley and Rutherford.

The next highly important discovery, was that of the properties of hydrogen, and the composition of water, by Cavendish. This philosopher, who, from the time when he commenced his scientific career, is said to have never wasted a minute of his life, or even uttered an unnecessary word, had, as early as the year 1766, and previously to the more minute

and accurate discoveries of Priestley, sustained, in a paper read to the Royal Society, the following propositions: *The air is not an element; there exists several species of airs essentially different; in which he shewed the chief properties and qualities of what was then called fixed air.* His memoirs may, indeed, be considered as the basis of the researches of Priestley. After this, the next very important discovery of Cavendish was that of the composition of the nitric acid, of which Chemists had previously had only some vague conceptions. It was at this time that Berthollet was making his discoveries of the composition of ammonia, shewing it to be formed of hydrogen and nitrogen. The whole of the discoveries of Cavendish are described in a few pages, but we must not measure their importance by the space their history occupies.

THE DIVING BELL.

No. I.

This machine was employed in several great undertakings as far back as the end of the sixteenth century. When the English, in 1558, dispersed the Spanish fleet, called the invincible Armada, part of the ships went to the bottom near the Isle of Mull, on the western coast of Scotland; and some of these, according to the accounts of the Spanish prisoners, contained great riches. This report excited from time to time the avarice of speculators, and gave rise to several attempts to procure part of the lost treasure. In the year 1665, a person was so fortunate as to bring up some cannon, which were not however of sufficient value to defray the expenses. In the year 1680, William Phipps, a native of America, formed a project for searching and unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola, and presented his plan in such a plausible manner, that king Charles II. gave him a ship, and furnished him with every thing necessary for the undertaking. He set sail in the year 1683, but, being unsuccessful, returned again in great poverty, though with a firm conviction of the practicability of his scheme. By a subscription, promoted chiefly by the Duke of Albermarle, the son of the celebrated Gen. Monk, Phipps was enabled in 1678 to try his fortune once more, having previously engaged to divide the profit according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labour proved fruitless; but, at last, when his patience was almost entirely exhausted, he was so lucky as to bring up from the depth of from six to seven fathoms so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of two hundred thousand pounds sterling. Of this sum, he himself got about sixteen, others say twenty thousand; and the Duke, ninety thousand pounds. After he came back, some persons endeavoured to persuade the king to seize both the ship and the cargo, under a pretence that Phipps, when he solicited for his Majesty's permission, had not given accurate information respecting the business. But the king answered, with much greatness of mind, that he knew Phipps to be an honest man, and that he and his friends should share the whole among them, had he returned with double the value. His Majesty even conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, to show how much he was satisfied with his conduct; and from Sir William Phipps originated the present noble family of Musgrave.

In consequence of this successful adventure, the Duke of Albermarle obtained the governorship of Jamaica, in order to try his fortune with other ships sunk in that neighbourhood, but nothing was found on this occasion to repay the labour of searching. In England, however, several companies were formed, and obtained exclusive privileges for fishing up goods on certain coasts by means of divers. The most considerable of these

was that which, in 1688, tried its success at the Isle of Mull; at the head of which was the Earl of Argyll. The divers went down to the depth of sixty feet under water, remained there sometimes a whole hour, and brought up gold chains, money, and other articles; which, however, when collected, were of little importance.

The first diving bell was made of wood, in the form of a truncated cone, the smaller base being closed, and the larger open. It was poised with lead and so suspended that the vessel might sink full of air with its open end downwards, and as near as may be in a situation parallel to the horizon, so as to close with the surface, of the water all at once. Under this covercle, the diver, sitting, sinks down with the included air to the depth desired. Dr. Halley contrived some additions to the apparatus, whereby not only to recruit and refresh the air from time to time, but also to keep the water wholly out of it at any depth. The greatest improvement, however, which the diving bell ever received, was from the late unfortunate Mr. Spalding of Edinburgh, who after demonstrating, by many successful experiments, the great superiority of his machine, was drowned while diving to the Royal George, in consequence of the culpable neglect of those who had the charge of supplying him with fresh air.

The diving bell is now made of cast iron, and the perfection to which it has approached was strikingly exhibited in Plymouth Sound, in the year 1816. One day, Fisher, the diver, after fifteen minutes' absence, brought up with him a stone weighing two hundred pounds, although nearly buried in shells and sand. The anchorage of the sound having been swept from a mass of rock lost from one of the Breakwater vessels in May 1813, and being discovered, the bell-vessel was placed over the spot, and the bell lowered with Fisher and two other men, and proper implements for boring in thirty-three feet of water. The men succeeded in penetrating the stone, and making fast the means for heaving it up; all which was safely effected in about two hours and a half from the time of descending. The rock thus recovered weighed four tons, and an entire summer had been spent in trying to get it up, but ineffectually, owing to the peculiarity in its form, which precluded sweeping.

In the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, there is a "Narrative of a descent in the Diving Bell by Dr. L. T. F. Caladon of Geneva," read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, April 30, 1821, from which we have taken the following extracts, as not only interesting, but showing how very useful this machine has proved in submarine architecture, in mining or exploding the rocks which obstruct the entrance of harbours, besides obtaining from the bottom of the sea any valuable goods which may have been lost near the coast.

Having (says Dr. C.) heard when I was in Ireland in September 1820, of the employment of this machine, which has been in use for several years past at Howth near Dublin, and of the sensations experienced by those who descend to the bottom of the sea, I was very desirous to ascertain in person the accuracy of the facts which had been stated to me. It was not long before an excellent opportunity presented itself. Having obtained from my friend Mr. Bald, a letter of introduction to Mr. Souter, engineer at Howth Harbour, I left Dublin for Howth on the 8th of September 1820, with a friend, intending to go down in the diving-bell. The weather was very fine; the wind, however, rather high, and the sea rough. We got into a boat at eleven o'clock in the morning, and in a few minutes came alongside a vessel to which the diving-bell is attached. The workmen were then at the bottom of the wa-

ter, employed in clearing the entrance of the harbour.

The bell in which we were to descend may be thus described. It was a kind of oblong iron chest, cast in one single piece, open below, 6 feet long, 4 broad, and 5 high: it weighed four tons; it was three inches thick at bottom, and half that thickness at top. It was cast in London, and, including the necessary apparatus and the air-pump, cost about £200. The bell being a great deal heavier than the water which it displaces, descends by its own weight. The upper part is pierced with eight or ten holes, in which are fixed the same number of convex glasses, very thick, which transmit the light. The glasses or lenses are fixed in the top of the bell, by means of a copper ring, screwed up against the glass, between which and the bell a coat of putty is laid, and then screwed hard up, so as to render it air-tight. The top is pierced with another hole, about an inch in diameter, which receives a long flexible leather pipe, intended to introduce into the bell the air compressed from above by a forcing-pump. In the inside of the bell is a valve which serves to close the aperture, and prevent the air from escaping. In the interior, were two small benches on opposite sides of the bell, with a foot-board between them. There was room enough for four persons. From the middle of the roof descended several strong chains, intended to sustain a kind of iron-basket, in which they place the stones or other matters which they wish to carry up. The bell in which we went down was suspended by the centre with strong ropes, and managed by means of a moveable crane erected on the deck of a small vessel. We got into the bell, which was sufficiently elevated above the surface for that purpose, by means of a boat placed underneath it. We had with us two workmen.

We descended so slowly, that we did not notice the motion of the bell; but as soon as the bell was immersed in water, we felt about the ears and the forehead a sense of pressure, which continued increasing during some minutes. I did not, however, experience any pain in the ears; but my companion suffered so much, that we were obliged to stop our descent for a short time. To remedy that inconvenience, the workmen instructed us, after having closed our nostrils and mouth, to endeavour to swallow, and to restrain our respiration, for some moments, in order that, by this exertion, the internal air might act on the Eustachian tube. My companion, however, having tried it, found himself very little relieved by this remedy. After some minutes, we resumed our descent. My friend suffered considerably: he was pale, his lips were totally discoloured; his appearance was that of a man on the point of fainting; he was in involuntary low spirits, owing, perhaps, to the violence of the pain, added to that kind of apprehension which our situation unavoidably inspired. This appeared to me the more remarkable, as my case was totally the reverse. I was in a state of excitement resembling the effect of some spirituous liquor. I suffered no pain; I experienced only a strong pressure round my head, as if an iron circle had been bound about it. I spoke with the workmen, and had some difficulty in hearing them. This difficulty of hearing rose to such a height, that during three or four minutes I could not hear them speak. I could not, indeed, hear myself speak, though I spoke as loudly as possible; nor did even the great noise caused by the violence of the current against the sides of the bell reach my ears. I thus saw confirmed by experience what Dr. Wollaston had foreseen by theory in his curious and interesting paper on Sounds inaudible to certain ears.

After some moments, we arrived at the bottom of the water, where every un-

pleasant sensation almost entirely left us. We were then twenty-seven feet below the surface. I confess that the recollection of the great depth, joined to the idea that if the smallest stone, or other matter, should obstruct the action of the valve, the bell would be instantly filled with water, did not fail to create for a short time a kind of uneasiness. One of the workmen, however, to whom I imparted my thoughts on that subject, desired me, with a smile, to look at one of the glasses placed above us, which I observed to be so much cracked in the middle, that bubbles of air were continually escaping.

We breathed during the whole of our stay under water with much ease. We experienced now and then a great heat. Our perspiration was sometimes copious, and sometimes there suddenly came over us so thick a vapour as to prevent my seeing the workmen placed opposite me; but as by means of the signals they constantly sent us from above pure air, in so large quantities, that a great part of what was contained in the bell made its escape with great violence, this inconvenience very soon disappeared. Our pulse was not affected.

Mr. Bald, who went down two days before me in one of the bells used at Howth, and to whose kindness I am indebted for the communication of his notes and observations, took with him a thermometer, and found the temperature of the air at the surface and in the inside of the bell to be 63° Fahr.; while the temperature of the water within a foot of the bottom (that is to say, nineteen feet below the surface) was 56° Fahr. The light which we had in going down and at the bottom of the sea was very strong. Mr. Bald could distinguish very easily in descending a great number of fishes, and other marine animals, which fled at the approach of the diving-bell. The sun shone bright, and I could write and read very easily. We gathered some fuci, (*Fucus filum*, *Fucus saccharinus*, &c.) We took some marine animals, and obtained several pieces of rock, which suggest some interesting views, explanatory of their formation, which is perhaps owing, as in the case of coral, &c. to certain animals. That part of the bottom of the sea which did not present any rock, was composed of sand and pebbles. The current of water was very violent; the colour of the water, as seen through the glasses, seemed to us to be of a light green; in the bell, where we had about ten or twelve inches of it, it was quite colourless.

Having remained more than an hour at the bottom, and having seen the men work as easily as in the open air, they made some signals, and we ascended, fully satisfied with what we had seen, and convinced of the facility and safety of these submarine operations. Before we went down, they had lost their basket at the bottom of the water, and, in order to find it again, they were obliged, in using the signals, to have the bell moved in every direction, which gave us the advantage of becoming well acquainted with the method they employed to make themselves understood. In going up, the sensations which we experienced in the head were very different from those which we felt in descending. It seemed to us that our heads were growing larger, and that all the bones were about to separate. This disagreeable sensation, however, did not last long; we were in a short time above the surface, not only much pleased with what we had seen, but also with the idea of emerging safe from our narrow confinement.

New Discoveries in the East Indies.—Mr. Moorcroft, an English traveller, now prosecuting his search after interesting scientific objects, has recently made the following discoveries:—1st. of vast resources of timber suited to ship-building,

and sufficient in quantity to supply all the demands of ship-builders in India for years to come. 2d. of a whiter and more productive kind of wheat than any variety yet known in England. 3d. of several sorts of barley, all more productive, and several containing more valuable properties for malting than those hitherto cultivated in England. 4th. of a plant that cures the rot in sheep, of which disease the late Dr. Bakewell asserted that some hundreds of thousands died every year in Britain. 5th. of a hardy variety of hay, with which even the waste moors and heath-covered commons of England may be cultivated, so as to afford winter food for at least an additional million of sheep, while the quality of this food is such as to fatten them in half the time they would require to fatten on any other known forage at present in use. 6th. of a breed of mountain sheep, of which every person may keep three with more ease than he can maintain a cur dog; so that every little farmer may keep a small flock of them on the present waste produce of his farm. This breed is secured, and arrangements are made for keeping a stock of them for the next three years.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does no defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

No. II.

Vainly should I attempt to describe the joyous anticipations of hope, the burning enthusiasm of ambition, which inspire the youthful student when he first directs his steps to the classic abodes of Granta. I speak of the students of the north, trained up in strong and hardy discipline, in healthy and laborious toils, and scholastic exercises, as stern and severe as their native mountains. The hardy youth educated under a learned but unknown teacher, whose school, situated in some obscure valley, at the foot of some towering mountain, is penetrated by every wind of heaven, anticipates with rapture the period when he shall be transported to the princely residence of an University, when he shall lay aside his rustic pursuits to contend with the accomplished sons of the south, and cast off his tattered hat, his gray jacket, and blue stockings, for the elegant vestments and academic robes of a Collegian; and when he shall exchange his teacher, the humble pastor of an obscure village, for the learned professors of Cambridge, or of Oxford.

At length his course of study is completed; a course embracing the solid and substantial elements of learning; less showy, indeed, and more circumscribed than that superficial and imperfect system which has grown up in some parts of England and the continent, and which appears even in this country to be gaining ground, but which can terminate only in the production of a race of literary pigmies and scientific coxcombs; whose tongues, indeed, may be tipped with words, but whose minds will be unformed by discipline, and whose memory, the great reservoir of the understanding, whence the fancy and the imagination must draw their various and discordant materials, and reason and reflection their topics and arguments, will be unstrengthened by exercise,—who, under the mask of universal knowledge, will know in reality nothing, although they may learn the happy art of imposing on the ignorant by their specious appearances and technical jargon.

With an aching heart he leaves, probably for the first time, the land of his home,—the heathery moor, the blue and barren mountain, the lake adorned with the loveliest and the sublimest of nature's scenery, along whose glassy surface he has often glided in his shallop, or on whose icy enclosure he has shot along with the rapidity and boldness of the rein-deer,

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seem as to me, of all bereft
Sole friends, thy woods and streams were left."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

As the Grampian and the Cheviot, Cross-fell and Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, disappear from his sight, new scenes and new beauties are rising to his admiration.—The buoyancy of youth rapidly restores the energy of his spirits and the jovial gladness of his heart, as he passes over the rich and beautiful champaign country of Yorkshire, the romantic scenery of Derbyshire, the pastures and undulating hills of Leicestershire covered with bleating herds; the whole country studded with baronial castles and country-seats presenting every combination of architecture and scenery, from the richness of Gothic magnificence embosomed in solitary grandeur amid forests of oak, to the pure and chastened forms of Grecian taste, surrounded by extensive lawns studded with temples and mausoleums, intersecting walks and avenues, and gardens laid out in the purest taste, and adorned by the choicest fruits, flowers, and products of vegetable nature.

At length he arrives at Huntingdon, at the entrance of which some kindly traveller will not fail to point out the house where Cromwell first drew breath. Here he finds a country alike destitute of the grandeur of the north, and the richness and fertility of the intervening districts he has traversed. Flat, badly enclosed, badly cultivated; none of the beautiful diversity of hill and dale, of wood and water, which had hitherto delighted his eye and feasted his imagination. But to counter-vail the want of these, he is rapidly approaching the field of his ambition, where all his faculties are to be developed and cultivated; where among the assembled youth of Britain, the pride of her nobility, the expectation of her independent gentry and yeomanry, and the daring and gifted sons of poverty who have broken through the control of circumstances, he is to contend for pre-eminence and fame, and lay the foundations of future service to his country, and future greatness to himself.

Already he beholds the spires of King's College Chapel, the freshman's land-mark, shooting in Gothic grandeur to the heavens. Every step presents some new object of curiosity, something to inspire his admiration, something to fan the flame of his ambition, to recall his veneration for the illustrious dead or the illustrious living. Here the avenue planted by Erasmus—there the mulberry planted by Milton. How oft, he exclaims, along this walk has Newton meditated in all the grandeur of his sublime speculations; or suddenly recalled from these meditations on the dead, the stirring forms of the living fix his attention: Some solitary student has rambled even beyond the bounds prescribed by the steady advocates of necessary exercise, the trencher cap and the ample folds of the academic gown are presented for the first time: yonder are seen a party of students ranging along with all the agility, the joyous mirth and freshened glee of youth,—then anon a tall, thin, solitary figure, whose elegant and costly robes announce his dignity, and in his person is discovered a professor, whose eloquence or whose learning has spread his fame through every corner of the empire. Successive and thickening groups of academic parties announce that his journey is nearly ended, when reaching a small eminence, suddenly and unexpectedly the whole scene breaks in upon him, and Cambridge with all its Colleges and groves are spread out in magnificent array.

With reverence and awe, and anxious expectation he approaches—he enters

the beautiful groves which stretch along the western banks of the Cam.—Shrubbery and open lawns and walks intersecting in every form, long and spacious avenues of limes rising in majestic grandeur, shooting forth their long branches and displaying their thick luxuriant foliage, appear in rapid and varied succession.

Its steps are directed of course to that college where he has been admitted; say Trinity College.—He enters this magnificent abode of learning through a beautiful avenue of limes running through the meadows and gardens of this college; passing the cycloidal bridge which crosses the Cam and connects the college with its groves and gardens, a hundred paces more transports him across the lawn which fronts the library, and entering through a spacious gate he stands under the piazzas of Trinity College, on the footsteps of kings and warriors, of statesmen and philosophers.

ALLAN CLINTON.

New-York, 17th Dec. 1823.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 39. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Allaverdi the Robber.*
THE TRAVELLER.—*Sketches of British India* No. I.
THE DRAMA.—*The Turk and the Jew, from the German Drama.*
BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Dr. Dennis.*
ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*The Diving Bell.* No. II. *The Solar System. Derivation of the names of months and days. Rise and Progress of Chemical Science.* No. VI. *Curiosities for the Ingenious.* No. I. *Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*
LITERATURE.—*Dr. Van Ranselaer on the American Salines.*
CORRESPONDENCE.—*The Parting.*
POETRY.—*New Year's Address to the Subscribers of the MINERVA. To my Segar. To M—B—* with other pieces.
GLEANS, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!

A gentleman in Washington has received a patent for a new method of curing smoky chimneys, and for constructing a new chimney so as to save at least half the fuel that is generally burnt.

The emigrants who came from Scotland under the auspices of Nahum Ward, of Marietta, have formed an association, called The Glasgow Ohio Company, for the purpose of clearing land and building a town, about 40 miles below Marietta, to be called Stirling.

The English Admiralty have it in contemplation to despatch Discovery Ships for another voyage to the Polar Seas. Captain Parry, it is said, is to take the command of the expedition.

When too many oysters have been incautiously eaten, and are felt lying cold and heavy on the stomach, we have an infallible and immediate remedy in hot milk, of which half a pint may be drank, and will quickly dissolve, the oysters into a bland, creamy jelly. Weak and consumptive persons should always take this after their meal of oysters.

A gentleman in Baltimore has in his possession an Ancient Illuminated Manuscript, composed of vellum, and supposed to have been written about the year nine hundred: consequently it is near one thousand years old.

MARRIED,

Mr. Samuel Downer, Jun. to Miss Eliza De Forrest.
Mr. Cornelius Winant, to Miss Mary Tombs.

DIED,

Mr. Elisha Blossom.
Ann Daly aged 42 years.
Jane Buloid.
Mr. Richard Burchill aged 23 years.
Mr. Lyman Gregory aged 25 years.
Mary Legget.
Mr. Jesse Smith aged 25 years.
Mrs. Sarah Crane aged 22 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

Song of the Patriot Armies of Colombia and Mexico, in the year 1817.

BY FRANCES WRIGHT.

(From the original MS.)

To arms! To arms! Ye sons of Ind!
O'rd on the sword! the buckler bind!
Hark! hark!—'Tis Freedom's call.
Her casque is on, her bolt is driven;
It shakes the earth, it splits the Heaven,
It points the tyrants' fall.
Up, brothers, up! Up, one and all!
Up! up! and follow glory's star,
Where Mina leads, where Bolivar.

Speed! speed! to arms! ye patriots, speed!
He that hath soul to feel the right,
He that hath soul for truth to fight,
For liberty to bleed,
Seize, seize the sword! mount, mount the steed!
Sweep on, sweep on to righteous war
Where Mina leads, where Bolivar!

Now is the sword of vengeance blest,
For it shall succour the oppressed,
For it shall bruise the tyrant's crest,
And break the bigot's chain.
Who would not bleed in such a cause?
Who, who would shrink—who, who would pause,
To 'stabish truth's eternal laws,
And freedom's endless reign?
Who would not bleed—who would not die
For justice, vengeance, liberty?
Who would not follow glory's star,
Where Mina leads, where Bolivar?

As swell your shouts, as flash your swords,
As sounds your gathering tread,
The thrones of Europe's distant Lords
Shall quake with dread;
And the glad people shall rejoice,
For they shall know redemption's voice,
And mocking they shall cry,
"Up, tyrants! up! the steed prepare!
Let him be sure and fleet as air!
Up! up! red vengeance' arm is bare,
The sword is on her thigh.
Up! up! the summons splits the sky,
Of Justice! Vengeance! Liberty!"
And shouting earth hath bless'd the war,
Which Mina leads, which Bolivar.

For the Minerva.

Young Love in Cyprus groves once playing.

BY FRANCES WRIGHT.

Young Love in Cyprus groves once playing,
Chasing birds, and gathering posies,
The lovely Zoe, pensive straying,
Saw the boy among the roses.

His cheeks were vermillion as the flowers,
His eye was blue as Heaven's azure,
He glanc'd like light among the bowers;
She never saw so fair a creature.

"Young nymph!" the sporting infant said,
"You painted insect chase with me.
See now it flutters round your head
And now 'tis on the myrtle tree."

Quick turns the nymph; on tiptoe stands;
With dainty touch secures the prize;
The urchin laughs, and claps his hands,
And pleasure sparkles in his eyes.

But gazing on the maiden's charms,
He threw the insect on the air;
And lightly springing in her arms,
He hid his blushes in her hair.

Soft breath'd his accents in her ear,
"Oh stay! oh stay! and dwell with me,
Where thrushes sing throughout the year,
And roses bloom eternally!"

"Thy words are fair" replied the maid,
As gently she his arms entwined;
Then trembling, sighing, softly said,
"But oh! young Love! you've wings behind."

Quick from her arms the urchin flew,
And shook his pinions on the air,
Then from their plumes an arrow drew,
And aim'd it at the startled fair.

Swift as the flash of those blue eyes,
The silver weapon cuts the wind,
Then laughing loud, the arch one cries,
"Yes, yes! young Love has wings behind."

TO THE WINDS.

Ye viewless minstrels of the sky!
I marvel not in times gone by
That ye were deified;
For even, in this later day,
To me oft has your pow'r, or play,
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your pow'r! when by your might
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
Like mountains in your wrath;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seaman roused from sleep,
Yawn like death's opening path!

Graceful your play! when, round the bow'r,
Where beauty culls spring's loveliest flow'r,
To wreathe her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe,
The leaves between, flit round that wreath,
And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth,
Ye come!—we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight?
Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise and set we know:
The Sea,—we mark its ebb and flow;
The Moon,—her wax and wane;
The Stars,—man knows their courses well,
The Comets' vagrant paths can tell;—
But You his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things,
Who mock all our imaginings,
Like spirits in a dream;
What epithet can words supply
Unto the bard who takes such high
Unmanageable theme?

*In praise of that wholesome and beautiful article
of food, and ornament of the larder,*

PUDDING.

I marvel much—'tis a burning shame,
And on our poets a tarnish,
To think that our beautiful theme has not yet,
Had a bit of poetic garnish.
What follows is meant on their pages an eye-sore,
A censure so dreadful shall ne'er lie at my door.

How nice is your simple bread-pudding with eggs
And milk, stir'd how ye will—
And should ye but tuck in a plum or two,
'Tis really beautiful!
Of your barn-door fowl or capon—don't speak,
I could dine off that seven days in a week!

And then your rice—O lud, lack-a-day!
A beautiful pudding, I trow;
The top so brown and the bottom so sweet,
Is any thing better below?
I love it, I love it—I care not who knows it:
Would I had one now! I'd say, "here goes it!"

Red currant! O my! my mouth all waters,
Most beautiful that, O my;
I have said it before, and I'll say it again,
'Tis ten times better than pie.
Would I had one here! I'd stick to't, or eat it!
So long asleep left me an eye to look at it.

Your rump steak pudding—how rich, rich, rich!
If made as it should be—so good!
Old Night, were he hunger'd, would wake from his nap,
And "hold back his dark-gray hood,"
While he munch'd a bit; and he'd swear, by his stupor,
He ne'er in his life had so luscious a supper.

And apple—my goodness! how nice, how nice,
With nutmeg and sugar shov'd in,
And a large lump of butter roll'd into a crust
As thin as a shilling is this!
O lord! never talk of your turtle's green fat,
From July to June I could dine me off that.

And last, not least, in a big tin pan,
All smoking, and light, and hot,
There's your food *Pish! Aole—pish!* vulgar name;
And yet it is good—is't not?
Now that's a pudding I like—on my word,
I'd like one as big as your great tea-board!

Well—now I'll give over, dear ma'am, have I done
My task as you wish'd? Don't deem
My raptures ought gluttonish—no, dear ma'am,
No epicurean dream.
Had now I pudding, and could write a sonnet,
I'd eat not a bit, but I'd write one upon it!

THE SILVER CLOUD.

All Heaven was dark,—the sombre wings of night
Cast their sad umbrage round them, yet one cloud
With lucid brightness shone, as 'twere the shroud
Of some lone spirit beaming radiant light.
I stood astonished, and with high delight
Beheld her splendour, for the moonbeam proud
Peered from beneath the interminable crowd
Of shades that erst withheld her from my sight.

It was an awful scene! I saw her rise,
And in her presence was the tempest riven:
She looked so beautiful from the lowering skies,
Through clouds on clouds precipitously driven,
Like some young herald sent from paradise,
Bursting with glory through the gates of heaven.

ON A TEAR.

Oh! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart—
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell,—
The spring of sensibility!
Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee, the rays of virtue shine
More calmly clear—more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul,
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief;

The sages and the poet's theme,
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age,
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream—
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course!

TO A WOMAN NURSING AN INFANT.

I saw her kiss the child so fair,
And press it to her flower-soft breast;
Methought, I wish that I was there,
So lull'd so cradled into rest.

I saw the child upon her smile,
And her eyes sparkled at the sight;
Methought, I'd fain be you awhile,
I should grow giddy with delight.

I took the child upon my knee,
And kissed the cheek that touch'd her breast;
Thank God for every hour of glee,
But oh! for this above the rest!

Epigram

The Senses in perfection.

To an Epicure highly enjoying his ducks
At the "British," it seem'd quite provoking,
That close to his elbow a knot of young bucks
Should be chatting, and laughing, and joking.

So he laid down his knife, and said, "Silence! you boys,
(With a look partly vex'd and entreating.)
You all of you make so incessant a noise,
That I really don't know what I'm eating."

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles &c. in our last.

- PUZZLE I.—Because they are *Pimp-led!*
PUZZLE II.—Because they are *Bride-led!*
PUZZLE III.—Because they are *Sad-led!*
PUZZLE IV.—Because they are *Rat-led!*
PUZZLE V.—Because they are *Spark-led!*

NEW PUZZLES.

- I.
Why are Physicians like Pulses?
II.
Why are Patients like Oranges?
III.
Why are Swine like Nobility?
IV.
Why are Lovers like Blunderers?
V.
Why is the food of cattle like seats reserved for old folks?

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 1809 The French defeat the Austrians in the battles of Abensberg, Ratisbon, and Eckmühl, April 20 and 23, and take possession of Vienna, May 13.
— Sir Arthur Wellesley defeats the French at Oporto, May 11.
— The battle of Aspern or Essling, between the French and Austrians, in which the latter had 20,602 killed and wounded, May 21 and 22.
— The Austrians are again defeated at the battle of Wagram, July 5 and 6.
— Suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrians, July 12.
— Battle of Talavera, between the British and French, in which the latter were defeated with great loss, July 27.
— The British troops after landing in Walcheren July 30, took possession of Middleburgh July 31, and Flushing, August 15; but notwithstanding their success, in the first instance, they were soon after obliged to capitulate.
— Peace between Russia and Austria ratified, October 15.
— Bonaparte divorces his wife, the Empress Josephine, December 16, and marries the princess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, April 1.
— Lord Collingwood destroys three French ships of the line bound from Toulon to Barcelona, off Cape St. Sebastian, October 25. He died March 7.
1810 Amboyna and its dependencies surrender to the British, February 17.
— Guadaloupe taken by the British, March 5.
— Great Riots in London on the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower, April 9.
— The crown prince died, April 29, and Bernadotte, a celebrated French general, is chosen successor to the Swedish throne, August 21.
— Louis Bonaparte abdicates the throne of Holland, July 1, and that country annexed to France, July 9.
— The Isle of Bourbon surrenders to the British, July 8.
— Lucien Bonaparte and his family taken in their passage from Rome to America, by the Pomona frigate, August 23, and afterwards sent to England.
— Bonaparte issues a decree to burn all British merchandise, October 19.
1811 The Island of Tortosa surrenders to the French, January 1.
— The Prince of Wales, in consequence of the long and confirmed indisposition of his royal father, appointed prince regent of the British dominions, February 4.
— Battle of Barossa, in which the French are defeated by the British under General Graham, March 5.
— Anholt defended by a handful of British sailors against the Danish flotilla of 18 gun boats and 4000 men, March 5.
— Badajoz surrenders to the French, March 10.
— The French defeated by Lord Wellington in the battle of Fuentes de Honores, May 5.
— General Beresford defeats the French, under Marshal Soult, in the battle of Albuera, May 16.
— Marshal Suchet takes Tarragona by assault, June 29, and makes himself master of Montserrat, July 24.
— The settlement of Batavia, the last Dutch colony, surrenders to the British, under Sir Samuel Auchmuty, September 17.
— The Boulogne flotilla defeated by the Naïad frigate, in the presence of Bonaparte September 22.
— General Blake defeated by the French, under Suchet, October 25. In consequence of this victory, Murviedro surrenders to the French, October 27.
— General Blake defeated near Valencia with great loss, December 28.
1812 Lord Wellington takes Ciudad Rodrigo by storm, Jan. 19. Valencia surrenders to the French, along with the army under General Blake, February 6.
— A dreadful earthquake occurred in the Carracas, by which many lives were lost, and much damage otherwise sustained, March 26.
— Bonaparte makes proposals for peace with Great Britain, which are rejected, April 17.
— Bonaparte sets out from Paris to take command of the army against Russia, May 9.
— Mr. Perceval the British premier, shot in the lobby of the house of Commons, by John Bellingham, May 11.
— Joseph Bonaparte evacuates Madrid, June 28.
— Lord Wellington enters Madrid, August 12, when Ferdinand is again acknowledged as the Spanish sovereign, Joseph Bonaparte having evacuated the capital on the 23th, immediately preceding.

EDITED BY
GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,
And published every Saturday
BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,
123 Broadway, New-York,

At Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription can be received for less than a year; and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the publishers.

J. SUTTON, printer, 29 John-street.